King is ſicke for me: let vs take any mans horſes, the lawes of England are at my commandement, bleſſed are they that haue bin my friends, and woe to my Lord chiefe Iuſtice.

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo: where is the life that late I led, ſay they, why here it is, welcome theſe pleſant dayes. *exit.*

Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.

Hoſt. No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of ioynt.

Sincklo The Conſtables haue deliuered her ouer to mee, and ſhee ſhal haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath beene a man or two kild about her.

Whoore Nut-hooke, Nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd tripe viſagde raſcall, and the child I go with, do miſcarry, thou wert better thou hadſt ſtrook thy mother, thou paper-facde villaine.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that ſir Iohn were come! I would make this a bloody day to ſome body: but I pray God the fruite of her wombe miſcarry.

Sincklo. If it doe, you ſhall haue a dozzen of cuſhions againe, you haue but eleuen nowe: come, I charge you both goe with mee, for the man is dead that you and Piſtoll beat amongſt you.

Whoore Ile tell you what, you thin man in a cenſor, I will haue you as ſoundly ſwingde for this, you blew bottle rogue, you filthy famiſht correctioner, if you be not ſwingde, Ile forſweare halfe kirtles.

Sinck. Come, come, you ſhee-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O God, that right ſhould thus ouercom might! wel, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Whoore Come you rogue, come bring me to a iuſtice.

Hoſt. I come, you ſtarude blood-hound.

Whoore Goodman death, goodman bones.

Hoſt. Thou Atomy, thou.

Whoore Come you thinne thing, come you raſcall.

Sincklo

Sinck. Very well.

Enter ſtrewers of ruſhes.

1 More ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 The trumpets haue ſounded twice.

3 Twill be two a clocke ere they come from the coronation, diſpatch, diſpatch.

Trumpets ſound, and the King, and his traine paſſe ouer the ſtage: after them enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolfe, and the Boy.

Falſt. Stand heere by me maiſter Shallow, I will make the King doe you grace, I will leere vpon him as a comes by, and do but marke the countenaunce that he will giue me.

Piſt. God bleſſe thy lungs good Knight.

Falſt. Come heere Piſtoll, ſtand behinde mee. O if I had had time to haue made new liueries: I woulde haue beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrowed of you, but tis no matter, this poore ſhew doth better, this doth inferre the zeale I had to ſee him.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Falſt. It ſhewes my earneſtneſſe of affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Falſt. My deuotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day & night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to haue pacience to ſhift me.

Shal It is beſt certain: but to ſtand ſtained with trauaile, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing els, putting all affaires elſe in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to ſee him.

Piſt. Tis *ſemper idem*, for, *obſque hoc nihil eſt*, tis in euery part.

Shal. Tis ſo indeede.

Piſt. My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liuer, and make thee rage, thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in baſe durance, and contagious priſon, halde thither by moſt mechanical, and durtie hand: rowze vp reuenge from Ebon den, with

fell

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